

Good Morning 710

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Talk of "Tiddley," for L.S. Birkby

WHEN "Good Morning" called at your home at 56, Honey Wall, Stoke-on-Trent, L.S. Birkby, your father had just arrived home, having got his release from dock work in London.

Your Mother was busy in a pottery works so we went along with your father to see her. We found her at work making plates and crockery, a job she likes very much.

Since your home in London was bombed, your family have settled down very nicely. Your brother Henry is working at a brewery, and your two sisters, Doreen and Joyce are doing good work at school.

Your Mother wants very much a photograph of you, so next time you dock don't forget first call at a photographers.

Father is looking forward to going to Hanley Dog Track with you on your next leave. He says you are very lucky at backing winners!

We don't know what "Tiddley" means, it's not in the dictionary, but your mother has got plenty for you for your next leave.

Well, L.S. Birkby, that just about rounds off the news from your home in the Potteries, so good luck and fondest love from home, and once more don't forget the photo.

Tweet, Tweet—or What's in a name?

BELIEVE it or not, when an same town (Esher), and they a certain little evacuee, his name, the answer she received was: "Septimus Fitzgerald Nebuchadnezzar Tweet." "My goodness," said she, "whoever called you that?" "I dunno," replied the lad, "but I'd like to find out."

How many youngsters are going to feel equally handicapped later on as victims of fantastic fashions in names?

Every war has left its legacy of christenings after big fighting men and famous battle grounds of the time—names which the recipients later felt pitifully unqualified to wear.

Past conflicts produced Alma, Horatio, Redvers, Bobs. This one has sown a crop of Alameins, Monties, Franklins, Winstons, Bevins.

A sailor who won distinction at Tobruk is Marmaduke Winston Spencer Churchill Snow. But the parents of that Winston commemorated an earlier day, just as were the even more ambitious namers of the six Julius Caesars in the Forces, not to mention several Mark Antonys and Oliver Cromwells.

Two of the latter live in the

Names, in fact, can be a dozen sorts of burden. As an effective check, what about adopting the Slav method of bestowing a temporary name at birth, which must be confirmed at the official christening ceremony that follows much later?

Of course, we Britons are not alone in this oddity of names. The American Army brought us men with equally quaint appellations. True, these are surnames, but even surnames can be altered with very little trouble.

There is, for instance, General Henry Twaddle, but naturally this does not attract undue notice in a galaxy like Captain Andrew Hero, Ensign Strong Boozier, Lieut. Pancake, Yoho, Clapsaddle and Ditto.

Mostly we are concerned with Smiths and Browns, Joneses and Williamses—all equal nuisances because of the millions who answer to them.

Holders of National Savings Certificates alone include 154,000 Smiths and 138,000 Joneses.

There are two Smiths for every Brown (5,000 of them in the Middle East Forces alone).

Beware of Such Women!

C. N. DORAN issues a warning against enemy spies

THE war in Europe is over. The war in the Far East is still on. It is not yet possible to reveal all the subterfuges and wiles adopted by enemy spies in this war; but it is admitted that in this, as in the last, Germany made use of many women spies. And Japan has for a long time been dopying Western methods. Let submariners, let all Servicemen, beware of such women!

ONE of the greatest difficulties in regard to Japanese spies is the fact that the ordinary Jap can hardly be distinguished from the ordinary Chinese, and on this Japan has long traded.

Even as far back as 1908, Colonel Immanuel, the famous military writer, stated in his notes to the German Field Service Manual that it was because of their efficient service by their espionage organisation that the Japs won the war against Russia in 1904-5.

It was after that victory that Japan claimed to be placed in the ranks of the Great Powers.

A few years before the outbreak of the last war it was recorded that an American cruiser and some Japanese battleships happening to be in a Chinese harbour, there was the usual exchange of friendly visits.

One of the Japanese officers, to the amazement of the American commander, related to him that he knew of certain information supposed to be secret. The American asked how he had got to know these things, and the Jap picked up a table napkin, threw it over his arm and assumed the attitude of a waiter.

At once there flashed into the American's mind the scene of an officers' mess where this Jap and a Japanese woman had acted as stewards.

The American also remembered that the woman waitress was named Madame Inkou. And Madame Inkou was a notorious Japanese spy.

She was for many years on the Secret Service of Japan,

and in 1904 was with a Japanese officer, Mantuge, who was arrested at Skaw, the most northerly point in Denmark. Mantuge and she were on the look-out for the passing of the Russian Baltic Fleet under the command of Rozhdjestvenski.

The two spies were discovered sending telegrams to the Japanese Embassy in Berlin.

But after they were arrested Madame Inkou "made eyes" at their guard and escaped through his assistance, leaving Mantuge to face punishment.

She was that kind of woman who had no compunction about sacrificing the man with whom she was living.

She was next heard of in Port Arthur, where she organised gangs of lesser spies, who, disguised as Chinese or Manchus, made themselves indistinguishable in the population of workers. It was said later that every tenth coolie in Port Arthur was a Jap in disguise.

They even became servants to the 1st Tomsk Regiment and to the 25th and 26th Siberian Rifles, which formed part of the garrison.

A SWEET ANGEL.

Madame Inkou was actually employed as a Red Cross worker by the Russians among the porters and labourers and their wives on the Liao Tiah Shan Railway. The Russians had no suspicion that this Red Cross "angel" who brought comforts to the men and their wives was really the notorious spy they feared.

She was able to go among the navvies who were building the fortifications. She walked

boldly through the fort almost daily. She knew every part of the defences, and the electric power-station, the concealed positions of the searchlights among the hills, and the distribution of the mine-fields laid down to protect the harbour.

One day, when she was found making a drawing, she was taken before the commandant, but showed him that, instead of the fort, what she was drawing was really a strange butterfly which had caught her eye.

The sketch supported her statement when she added a line or two to the drawing.

Thinking the Red Cross worker was innocent of any spying activities, the commandant dismissed her with a caution; and Madame Inkou bowed low and went away. Next day she disappeared.

Within a few days Admiral Togo's attacking squadron shot the floodlights to pieces—the lights with which the Russians intended to dazzle his fleet on their approach.

And so well had Madame Inkou done her work of spying for Japan that of the five attacks made by Togo on Port Arthur, only one of his ships struck a mine—and that was one which had broken loose and was drifting!

The fact is that the Russians had no answer to the organisation built up by this woman. But they found out later the extent of the damage and how she had perfected her system. Along the Russian army front special bureaux had been established under the command of officers whose business it was to regulate the service.

These officers were supplied by coolies by Madame's organisation. Shops—mainly bakers—were opened. Secret messages were sent inside bread, or by coolies trading coloured dolls and toys. According to the arrangement of

JOY GIRLS.

The depth of the Russian front never exceeded sixty versts, so that a spy with three runners could answer an inquiry from Japanese headquarters within three or four days, and the flow of reports was almost uninterrupted.

Again Madame Inkou organised female spies, all Japanese girls, who went under the title of Daughters of Joy. Their special mission was to get friendly with Russian officers, the more important the better, live with them, and extract information, which was soon

USELESS-EUSTACE



"Three guesses, Shorty! What has eyes, but cannot see?"

passed on to Madame, and through her to her masters.

It was one of the firm rules of Madame that information of great importance was never committed to written words.

It had to be memorised and communicated orally to the bureaux. And it is on record that Madame, having discovered that one of her spies was suspected by the Russians, made sure that the spy's life ended.

But the Russians had their revenge. During the last World war, this inhuman woman, who had ruined dozens of officers, was shot dead in Manchuria by a Russian super-spy, a member of the Ochrana, who had been on her track for years.

"IN THE SOUP"

WHEN you say that somebody is in the soup" you are, according to some authorities quoting an old German idiom, "in de suppe fallen."

It originated about fifty years ago when a party of American boxing fans went to the docks at New York to welcome a boxer back from Europe.

The skipper of the ship would not allow anybody aboard, but one fan who tried to get over the rail slipped and fell into the water.

In the hubbub somebody on the docks asked what had happened, and a German replied: "Oh, nodding. Somebody hasin de suppe fallen."

And that is how the phrase started and became popular in the lexicon of slang. So blame Germany for that too.



For Tel. John Davies, There's High Jinks at No. 5

YOUR little nephew and niece, Telegraphist John Davies, had just gone to school when we called, so our photographer couldn't get them on the picture with Mill, your sister-in-law. Mill, herself, was very busy—cleaning up after having done the weekly washing, but she found time to stop and send all the latest news to you.

First and foremost, she sends you her best love, and hopes you'll be home soon. Your friends Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, whom she sees quite often, send you their best wishes. When you come home, there's going to be a big celebration party for you, and when your brother Stanley arrives, there'll be another one. So look out for high jinks at 5, Moorland Crescent, Guiseley, Yorks.

Your mother hasn't been very fit lately, but she is now well on the road to recovering, and sends you her love.

Mill also wants us to tell you that the fence is still there, and the telephone wire is still down. What dark secret lies

between you, behind this cryptic message, we don't know. But we'll bet you do!

Brian and Beryl send you their love, and tell you to be quick and come home as soon as possible, because they miss you very much.

Brian is very keen on fishing and proudly carries home

jars of tiddlers. He also wants his mother to buy him a rabbit. Beryl is just her usual sweet and sunny self.

Well, that's all the news for you, John, so we'll sign off wishing you the best of luck, and with a final message from Mill—"Keep your brown eyes smiling!"

The longest English surname is name every three weeks if you have a mind to. People's reasons for wishing to change their names are many, but the chief is a tag that causes embarrassment or invites ridicule.

To change a name is quite easy. You simply advertise your intention in the "London Gazette," and it takes effect three weeks later. There for one, borne by a number of folk in England, is not likely to be popular for generations

to come, though its meaning, ironically, is "noble helper."

As, no doubt, when they are old enough to question the parental choice, will the Deeday Robertses and Williamses, Invasias, and the like, who were unfortunate enough to be born into a breathlessly expectant world on D-Day.

M. THORNHILL.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"Shot for Shot and Damn All Favours," cried the Bosun

THIS accidental hit of Jack's fore felt ill-will towards him, made the purser's steward consented; but he was very much puzzled how to arrange that three turn pale as a sheet, and then equally red. He raved and foamed amazingly, although he could not meet Jack's indignant look, who then turned round again.

"Now, Mr. Biggs, is this to be understood, or do you shelter yourself under your forecastle?" "I'm no dodger," replied the boatswain, "and we will settle the affair at Malta."

Mr. Biggs having declared that he would fight, of course had to look out for a second, and he fixed upon Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, and requested him to be his friend.

Mr. Tallboys, who had been latterly very much annoyed by Jack's victories over him in the science of navigation, and there-

The second day after they had him to return staves and hoops at been anchored in Vallette harbour, the cooperage.

This was awkward, but it was got over by proposing that the meeting should take place behind the cooperage at a certain hour, steward, dressed in his best blue coat with brass buttons and velvet slip out, and borrow a portion of

Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, dressed in his best blue coat with brass buttons and velvet slip out, and borrow a portion of

Part Two of Marryat's "Midshipman Easy" episode of the Triangular duel at Malta

collar, went on the quarter-deck, the time appropriated to his duty, and requested the same indulgence, to heal the breach in his wounded but Mr. Sawbridge, the First Officer, refused, as he required

So the parties all went on shore, and put up at one of the small inns, to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Tallboys then addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart while the boatswain amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero sat outside, teasing a monkey.

"Mr. Gascoigne," said the gunner, "I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see that there are three parties to fight; had there been two or four there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the triangle in this."

Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming.

"Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?"

"Yes," replied the midshipman, "that it has three equal sides—but what the devil has that to do with the duel?"

"Everything, Mr. Gascoigne," replied the gunner; "it has re-

solved the great difficulty: in-shot at one, and at the same time deed, the duel between three can receives the fire of another." Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the You observe," said the gunner, tak-novelty of the proceeding, the more ing a piece of chalk out of his so as he perceived that Easy pocket, and making a triangle obtained every advantage by the on the table, "in this figure we arrangement.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit; you have I give you great credit; you have a three combatants—so that placing profound mathematical head, and one at each point, it is all fair play I am delighted with your arrange-ment. Of course, in these affairs, stance, stands here, the boatswain the principals are bound to comply here, and the purser's steward with the arrangements of the at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it Easy consenting to your excellent will be all right."

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner, "but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy, so that you perceive that each party has his

Gascoigne went out, and pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied—"I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and d—n all favours."

The parties then repaired to the (Continued on Page 3)



"Come and look at this one!"

"Honest, lady—this aint' wot I broke in for!"

QUIZ for today

1. What is the more common name for a wood-spice? 2. Who was the Apostle of Free Trade? 3. Is Berwick-on-Tweed in England or Scotland? 4. What is the second bridge you pass under if you sail up the Thames?

5. What was the name of Captain Cook's ship? 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—4, 7, 10, 12, 13, 16, 19, 22.

Answers to Quiz in No. 709

1. A zobo. 2. Nile. 3. Hockey. 4. St. Paul. 5. Torricelli, about 1640. 6. Latvia is in Europe; others are in America.

THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

FOR nearly two years the Germans searched Jersey for a man who was quietly working as a builder in St. Helier, the chief town of the island. He is a Russian lieutenant, known as "George Stone" to the islanders.

"George" was captured while serving as a Reconnaissance officer in the fighting near Moscow. He escaped, but was recaptured and kept prisoner at St. Malo. He got away again and went to Paris.

The Germans got him again and sent him to Jersey, where, with so much sea round about, they imagined he would be safe.

The sea was too much for "George," but he made the most of his opportunities. He escaped four times, and eventually, in June, 1943, persuaded an Irish builder, at the risk of his own life, to take him on as a workman.

And all the time the Germans were rum-maging about on farms trying to lay hands on him.

"George" smiled when the British took over the island. So did the Irish builder—for the first time for two years.

HERE'S hoping that old George Granger will be on the box of the Lord Mayor's coach at the first peace-time Lord Mayor's Show in London. It's the one great wish he has.

George is seventy-five, and has been coachman to twenty-three Lord Mayors and ten sheriffs.

The war put the horses to grass and the coachman became a watchman. But right through the war George kept the coach harness oiled and polished, and on the great day he will take his swell-looking uniform, shake out the moth-balls, and get ready for his final drive through the London streets—for it is unlikely that he will be able to carry on afterwards.

The only sorrow on that day, for George, will be the absence of his cherished horses.

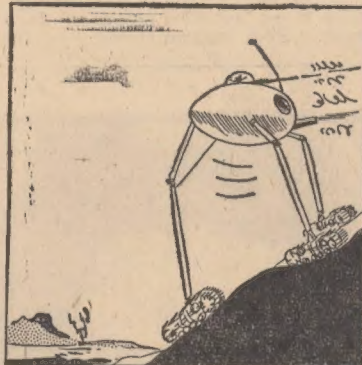
All four of them are dead, and their places will have to be taken by new steeds. They'll have to be strong ones. The coach weighs five tons—and it has no brakes.

THE King of the Cocos Islands is dead. He was John Sidney Clunies-Ross, descendant of a Scot, Alexander Clunies-Ross, who had to flee from Britain after being mixed up in a Stuart attempt to seize the throne of Scotland. The Cocos Islands (23 of them) are inhabited by about 1,500 people, mostly Malays, and over them the "King" had total power.

There was no metal coinage on the islands because the first of the Kings decided that money meant gambling.

When the now deceased monarch felt he ought to pay for a radio licence he sent the B.B.C. a few bone buttons—the only currency he used. They weren't much use to the Postmaster-General, except as a curiosity, but they relieved the King's conscience.

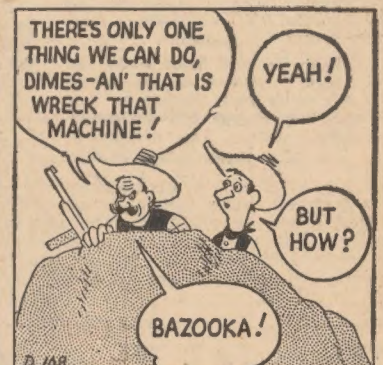
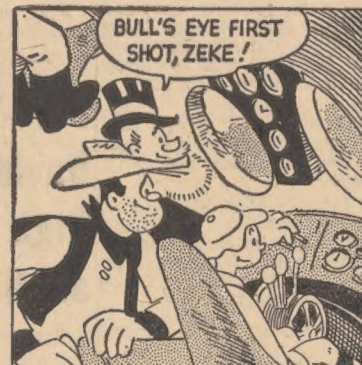
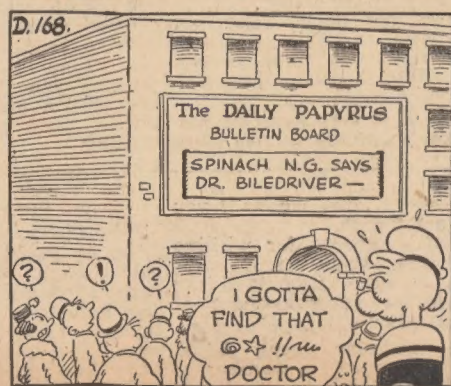
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



"Shot for Shot" cried the Bosun

(Continued from Page 2) fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?" Gascoigne; but still I've no spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the cooerage. In the mean time, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces—and marked it out.

Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was "equal angles subtended by equal sides" declared that it was right.

Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward, "I don't understand this. Mr. Easy will first

"No," replied the gunner, "this quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and there is a duel of three. You will fire at fore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will Mr. Easy. Mr. Easy will fire at not aim at me."

Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp," observed Gascoigne, "you must know something about duelling."

"Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction; but—"

"Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honour is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. fellow's a confounded coward,

and ought to be kicked into the cooerage again."

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

"You 'ear those words, Mr. Biggs; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall 'ear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys; death before dishonour. I'm a gentleman, damme!"

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word, as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

(To be concluded).

1. On one side.
 2. Merry.
 3. Foolishness.
 4. Blaze.
 5. An illness.
 6. A quadruped.
 7. A track.
- (Solution in No. 711)

1.						
2.						
3.						
4.						
5.						
6.						
7.						

Wangling Words No. 650

1. Behead a fibre and get a mixture of gases.
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: Heodeyouseacossthepak.
3. Change ARID into EARS in four steps, making a new word at each step by dropping the first letter and adding a letter to the end. (Example: SAME, AMEN MEND, etc.).
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: This chemical is so sensitive it — to the slightest — of iron or other impurities.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 649

1. G-rasp.
2. He believes everything he hears.
3. SAY, AYE, YEW, EWE, WEN.
4. Ocean, canoe.

JANE



RUGGLES



Jack Greenall
Says
Ain't
Nature
Wonderful!

THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog has fleas. If you possess a hedgehog you probably knew this already. He can roll himself into a ball and throw himself from a fourteen foot wall, so my book says. What happens when he's done this fat-headed feat is not stated, or why—maybe tired of life or the fleas—one can but guess.

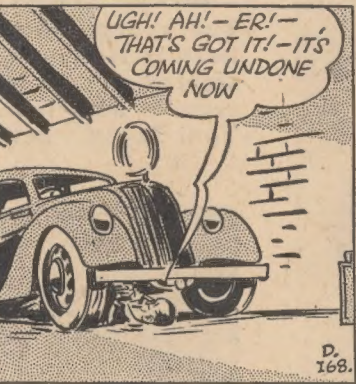
He eats black-beetles, and seems determined to carry on till the supply is rationed or runs out, and, mind you, there's a devil of a lot of black-beetles.

Gypsies eat hedgehogs. Well, they do know what they're eating, which is more than you and I do these days.

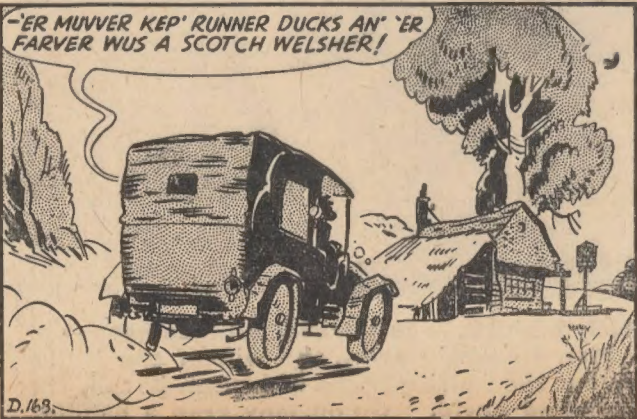
There are no hedgehogs in winter. Don't by this think you're luck's in. If, when winter comes, yours is missing, wait till spring. He'll turn up, as full of fleas as ever, probably more so.



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

SOCK SWELLS
UPLIFT ROAN
MAID AFRICA
ALE OIL NIP
C NITRIC N
HATCH NUDGE
V YESTER V
BEF RAY EWE
ENLIST FAIN
AGED EXEMPT
REWARD EYES

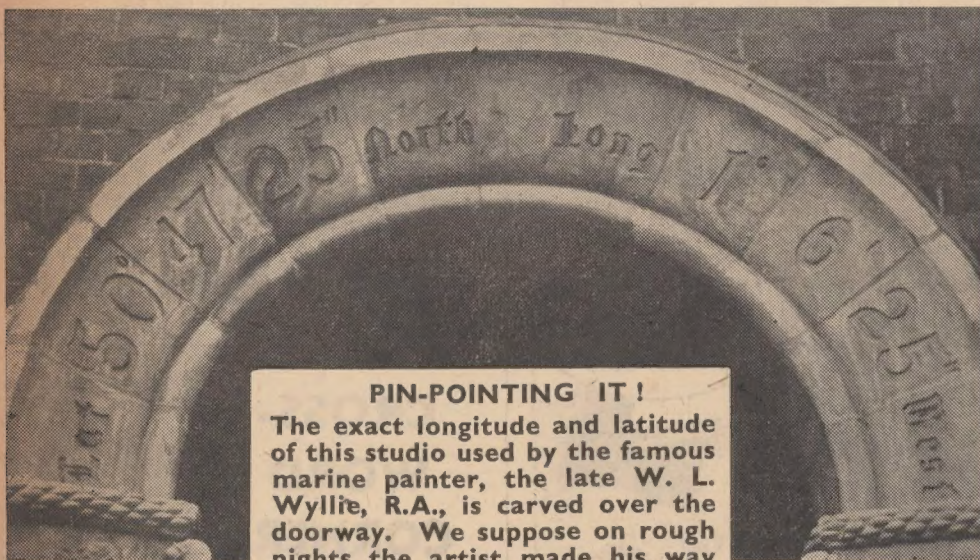
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

- ### CLUES ACROSS.—
- 1 Cat.
 - 2 Feign.
 - 3 Ever.
 - 4 Total.
 - 5 Sleeping-place.
 - 6 Girl's name.
 - 7 Actors' apartment.
 - 8 Un-accompanied.
 - 9 Tangle.
 - 10 Towards.
 - 11 Pearls.
 - 12 Fasten tight.
 - 13 Creditor.
 - 14 Have dinner.
 - 15 Formerly.
 - 16 Hair-covering.
 - 17 Continent.
 - 18 Flag.
 - 19 Arid.
 - 20 Beak.
 - 21 Methods.
 - 22 Like hard fat.
- ### CLUES DOWN.—
- 1 Nails.
 - 2 Scottish county.
 - 3 Hound.
 - 4 Christmas.
 - 5 Thoroughfare.
 - 6 Unfeeling.
 - 7 Italian river.
 - 8 Swarm.
 - 9 Note.
 - 10 Camel.
 - 11 Observes.
 - 12 Horse.
 - 13 Giants.
 - 14 Heavy.
 - 15 Like a bear.
 - 16 Talk.
 - 17 Plane.
 - 18 Welsh holiday resort.
 - 19 Opera.
 - 20 Purpose.
 - 21 Obtain.
 - 22 Re-mains.

Good Morning



THE ENGLISH VILLAGE. A pond on the green that mirrors the great trees which have provided leafy shade for the oldsters to sit under for generations. A row of stone cottages that have grown mellow through countless summers. A stony lane that meanders up the hill — that is the pleasant village of Warmington, near Banbury, where once a “white lady got on a white horse.”

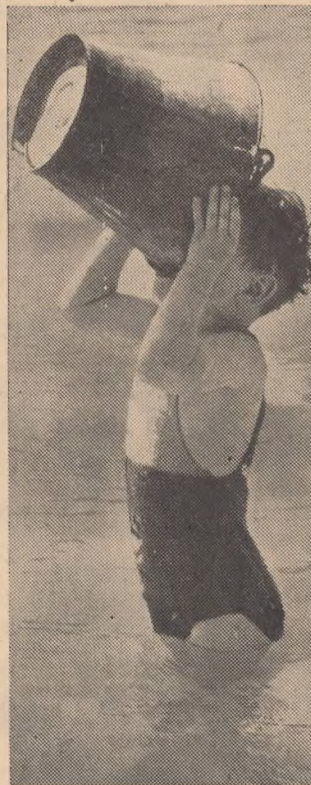


PIN-POINTING IT!

The exact longitude and latitude of this studio used by the famous marine painter, the late W. L. Wyllie, R.A., is carved over the doorway. We suppose on rough nights the artist made his way home by compass bearing.



DELILAH ON THE DIVING BOARD. It worked with Samson — so why not with Delilah, too. Mrs. Howard Hawks, the wife of the Hollywood producer, tries pulling out the flowing mane of Lauren Bacall, the new sultry sensation of the celluloid world. Go on, lady, grab a handful.



Here's the thirstiest lad in the world — he's trying to drink the sea dry. We've felt that way ourselves — but never about sea-water!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



GUESS WHAT HER LUCKY NUMBER IS.

The young thing with the charming back has been in Hollywood just seven months. She has starred already in a picture called “Miss Seventeen.” And her name — we nearly forgot — is Toni Seven. Seven's our lucky number too, Miss Seven.



STRONG POINTS — 1900 A.D.

Idea was you got into these wicker wigwams when you wanted to sunbathe. Kept prying eyes away from a lady's well-turned ankle, you understand. But before you laugh at 'em, remember they had other uses too—if you see what we mean.